THE UNDERNEATH

based on the 1948 film CRISS CROSS

writer/director
Steven Soderbergh

producers
John Hardy
Steven Soderbergh

rev. 6 MAR 94 Pink
rev. 11 FEB 94 Blue
rev. 3 FEB 94 White

Blacktop. 1

The paved ebony surface swallows the arcing sun as luminous white divider lines slip beneath us.

MICHAEL CHAMBERS

already worn at thirty but still too attractive for his own good, grips the steering wheel of the ARMORED CAR a little too tightly. Sweat darkens the edges of his SECURITY GUARD uniform.

In a seat set back from the front of the truck sits ED DUTTON, a calm, pleasant man of sixty. He looks through the windshield, not focussing on anything in particular. Up ahead:

A WHITE VAN

rapidly increases in size. Michael deftly swings into the left hand lane. He passes the VAN and stares it all the way into his passenger side mirror.

Michael checks his watch again and breathes a little easier, but not much. His outward display of composure seems forced, like that of someone who recently quit smoking. This is why:

EXT. HOUSE – DUSK 2

Michael sits in the backyard, which is entirely taken up by an absurdly large SATELLITE DISH. He sips a beer as RACHEL, his wife, stands in front of him. She is beautiful in a feral sort of way, though right now she looks pretty angry about something.

MICHAEL
There's good news and bad news. The good news is I have until Tuesday to cough it up. The bad news is I have until Tuesday to cough it up. *

RACHEL
Well, I must say I'm relieved. For a minute there I thought you'd lost your ability to be glib about something important. *

She walks into the house. He doesn't look up.

INT. HOUSE – PRE-DAWN 3

Michael, still in his clothes and looking trashed, sits on the edge of a chair in his bedroom. Rachel is in bed, naked and asleep. Her face is somewhat hidden by a pillow, but her long figure stretches out, interwined with the bedsheet.

He walks over to the bed and hovers above her face. Moving a strand of hair from her cheek, his kisses her. She stirs, but does not wake.

IN A GREYHOUND BUS 4

long, slender female fingers carefully braid a mane of hair.

MICHAEL

punished by sunlight in the window seat, is hypnotized by this sight, which plays out a few rows in front of him. The same distracted quality is evident in his appearance, but he doesn't look as tense as in the previous scenes.

Next to him a YOUNG WOMAN makes an attempt at eye contact. She's in her early twenties, attractive, probably very nice. He doesn't notice.

YOUNG WOMAN
You getting off at Austin?

He regards her for a moment, then looks away.

MICHAEL
Yes.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAWN 5

Michael gets into his car, which is parked in front of a vintage MUSTANG. He stares at the house for a moment before pulling away.

EXT. CAR -- DAWN 6

Michael steers down a stretch of road. A sports talk show BLARES distortedly from the radio, describing the Dallas Cowboys close defeat the previous day (Sunday) by the Redskins. His free hand finds a loose can of beer, and he inhales it. His attention back on the road, his eyes drift toward the WEDDING RING on his left hand. After a moment's consideration, he removes it from his finger and drops it in a shirt pocket. His foot flattens the gas pedal.

His car blurs past a sign reading YOU ARE NOW LEAVING AUSTIN.

BACK IN THE GREYHOUND BUS: 7

Michael and the Young Woman.

YOUNG WOMAN
Going home?

MICHAEL
Sort of.

YOUNG WOMAN
Visiting?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

YOUNG WOMAN
Relatives?

A beat.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

YOUNG WOMAN
What kind?

MICHAEL
Mother and brother. Mother's getting married.

YOUNG WOMAN
Oh. He nice?

MICHAEL
My brother?

YOUNG WOMAN
No, the man your mother's gonna marry.

MICHAEL
Never met him.

She nods.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm Susan.

MICHAEL *
Michael. You live here?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yeah. I'm a trainee at the Grand Texas Bank. *

MICHAEL
A trainee. Does that mean you wear a paper hat? *

YOUNG WOMAN
Only when I clean the fry machine. *

Michael smiles. He throws one last look at the woman who was braiding her hair-- but she's not there. He looks around. No luck. He shrugs to himself; maybe she went to the bathroom.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL – DAY 8

We could be anywhere if a sign didn't tell us WELCOME TO AUSTIN.

Susan gives Michael a slip of paper, and they converse briefly before parting. Michael scans the terminal area for a taxi.

A CAB DRIVER

sits scraping a PICK 3 card with a penny. Michael watches him shake his head in frustration.

MICHAEL
You know where East Dayton Street is?

CAB DRIVER
(puts card down)
Unless somebody moved it.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT NEIGHBORHOOD – DAY 9

Michael watches the scenery roll by. If you were working class, you'd think this was a nice area to live in, and you might be right.

THE CAB comes to a stop in front of an aggressively average house. Michael pays and then stands looking at the dwelling with a mixture of apprehension and nostalgia.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE – DAY 10

Michael enters carefully, then stops in the foyer.

MICHAEL
Mom?

MRS. CHAMBERS
(off)
Michael?

MICHAEL'S MOTHER

rounds a corner into the hallway. She's in her mid-fifties, with vibrant, flashing eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Michael!

He smiles and puts down his bag.

MICHAEL
Hey.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Give me a hug.

MICHAEL
Mom, I stink, I've been on a bus.

MRS. CHAMBERS
I don't care.

Resigned, he obliges her. As they embrace, she closes her eyes, inhaling him. He lets go first, but not before she plants a kiss on him. His jaw tenses a little.

MRS. CHAMBERS
How did you get to be so handsome?

MICHAEL
Prayer.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM – DAY 11

The sound of the shower. Fresh clothes on the bed.

Michael checks his face in a clear spot of a fogged mirror. As he stares at his own reflection for a moment, his hand absently touches his cheek...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND "THE EMBER" NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT 12

Rachel's hand explores that same cheek as she and Michael embrace.

RACHEL
He's so horrible. I hate it when he touches me.

MICHAEL
I know. I hate it when he touches me, too. *

She laughs.

MICHAEL
Don't worry.

RACHEL
I'm just really scared. Are you sure we should go through with this? You could say they couldn't switch you or--

MICHAEL
No. No. We're very close now. We have to follow it through. We'll have everything we want. It's gonna be fine.

She hugs him again.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM – DAY 13

Michael enters the bedroom, towel around his waist. As he leans over to pick up his pants from the bed, he lets the towel drop.

MAN'S VOICE
Nice butt.

Michael nearly jumps out of his skin as he turns to see his brother, DAVID, standing in the doorway.

MICHAEL
You bastard.

David smiles. He's big, and has the laconic air of someone who knows he won't be messed with. Michael steps into a pair of jeans.

DAVID
How's it going?

MICHAEL
Aren't you supposed to be out clubbing motorists or something?

David stretches on the bed.

DAVID
I'm on the night shift. Plus, I'm beating the homeless now. They're not as mobile.

MICHAEL
I see.

DAVID
So. How's it going?

MICHAEL
It's going.

DAVID
You working?

MICHAEL
You hiring?

DAVID
Hah! Yeah, just what the force needs: another confused white boy.

David watches Michael don a neck chain with a WEDDING RING on it.

DAVID
I heard she was dating a guy that bought the Ember. If you're interested. *

MICHAEL
I'm here for the wedding. *

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE -- NIGHT 14

At the dinner table, cheap overhead lighting illuminates a generic home-cooked meal. Michael is quiet, his eyes moving from Ed to his mother to David and back again.

MRS. CHAMBERS
So if you win, how do they pay you? Do you just get a big check all at once?

ED
No. Anything over two million they split up over twenty years.

MRS. CHAMBERS
What if you wanted it all at once?

ED
They don't do it that way. By paying off in installments, they can include the interest in the payments. So they're actually able to have a bigger jackpot, more often. *

MRS. CHAMBERS
But you still have to pay taxes on it.

ED
Oh, yes.

MRS. CHAMBERS
I see.

DAVID
(to Michael)
So how long are you gonna stay?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Maybe a little while. See some friends.

David and Mrs. Chambers exchange looks.

DAVID
Sounds like a vacation. Didn't know you were so flush.

MICHAEL
I can coast a little. Unless Mom starts charging for rent.

MRS. CHAMBERS
(a wan smile)
Of course not.

ED
We got an opening, if you're looking for something.

MICHAEL
Thanks. That's a kind offer.

DAVID
(to Ed)
I thought you needed law enforcement or military service to qualify for a job like that.

ED
Helpful, but not mandatory. If I put in a good word, they'd probably take him on, no problem.

MICHAEL *
Beat going back to Sports Town.

DAVID
Doubt that would be an option.

Michael looks at David, who smiles.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE -- NIGHT 15

In the living room a cheap TV flickers like a blue flame, watched by Mrs. Chambers. On it a LOTTERY OFFICIAL draws numbers for the LOTTERY. Michael enters, dressed to go out. *

MICHAEL
Ed seems nice.

MRS. CHAMBERS
He's very kind.

MICHAEL
What happened to Mrs. Dutton?

MRS. CHAMBERS
Divorced, nine years ago. In Georgia.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL
Are you registered somewhere?

MRS. CHAMBERS
Michael, when you're getting married at fifty-six, you don't register.

MICHAEL
Oh.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Can you buy me some PICK 3 cards while you're out?

MICHAEL
Sure. How many?

MRS. CHAMBERS
Oh, five or so.

She leans forward, reaching for her purse.

MICHAEL
Mom, please. I got it.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Are you sure--

MICHAEL
Yeah, I'm sure. Please.

He kisses her on the forehead.

MICHAEL
Don't wait up.

She watches him go.

INT. THE EMBER -- NIGHT 16

The club scene. Alternative music and fashion. Dancing, smoke, hotshots, lame-o's, the works. An insane-looking live band whips the crowd to and fro.

MICHAEL

following his own rhythm. Something makes his gaze sharpen suddenly, and he moves toward the dance floor with a purpose. Nearing, we see clearly what's pulling him across the room:

RACHEL

tearing up the floor with some kid. Even in a crowd of much better dancers, one's eye goes to her, because she dances like she means it.

MICHAEL

stands frozen, hypnotized. He's waited years for this. An involuntary smile emerges on his lips. Too soon, the song is over, and Rachel fends off the kid and heads for the bar. Michael trails.

RACHEL

sits, exhausted. Her flawless skin glistens as she catches her breath. Michael appears behind her.

MICHAEL
You call that dancing?

She turns. It takes her a moment to read him only because there is no earthly reason she should be seeing him here and now.

MICHAEL
Mind if I sit?

She shrugs. He sits. They look at each other. She gives him a frosty once-over.

RACHEL
How is it you can show your face without getting hurt?

MICHAEL
I squared with everyone.

RACHEL
(hard)
Everyone?

MICHAEL
(conceding)
Okay.

RACHEL
I got rid of all your stuff.

MICHAEL
I figured.

RACHEL
The Mustang, too. Didn't get much for it. *

MICHAEL
How hard did you try? *

RACHEL
Not very. *

He nods, understanding. She continues to look at him.

Tommy appears between them, staring at Michael like an intruder. Michael returns the favor.

RACHEL
Tommy, this is Michael Chambers. Michael, this is Tommy Dundee.

A clammy handshake.

TOMMY
Heard you moved.

MICHAEL
Mother's getting married.

RACHEL
To who?

MICHAEL
A good guy.

RACHEL
Never heard of him.

Michael rises.

MICHAEL
Well.

RACHEL
Leaving?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

RACHEL
Let Tommy buy you a drink. You'll buy him a drink, won't you, Tommy?

TOMMY
(even)
I'll buy him a drink.

MICHAEL
Some other time. Good to see you.
(to Tommy)
Nice to meet you.

TOMMY
Yeah.

Another uninspired handshake. Michael leaves.

TOMMY
What the hell was that?

RACHEL
What?

TOMMY
What's he doing here?

RACHEL
He just showed up.

TOMMY
Nobody's ex just shows up. He wants something.

RACHEL
Don't have an anuerysm, okay?

TOMMY
Let's go in the back. I'm tired of watching guys sit up and beg for a dance with you. It's like goddam Sea World in here. *

He heads for the VIP room. Rachel stays in her seat, catching a glimpse of Michael as he exits the front door.

EXT. ARMORED CAR -- DAY 17

MICHAEL

at the wheel of the armored car, still lost in thought. A look in the rear view mirror reveals Ed to be nodding off. The two-way crackles to life, waking him. Michael reaches for the receiver.

RADIO
Number twelve, what's your ETA at location seven?

MICHAEL
Ten minutes.

RADIO
Confirmed, ten minutes.

The radio goes silent.

A PICKUP TRUCK

passes on the left, doing the speed limit plus twenty. It settles into the lane in front of Michael.

ED
Look at that.

MICHAEL
What.

ED
That truck. Frame's bent.

Michael squints at the pickup. Sure enough, it appears to be moving forward and slightly sideways at the same time.

ED
Can't never let go of the wheel once that happens.

Michael still stares at the truck, held by its unusual appearance.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE – DAY 18

Michael enters, towel around his waist. His mother sits at the table, drinking coffee. She does not look up from the paper (side column: THE LOTTERY JACKPOT CONTINUES TO CLIMB). Michael yanks open the refrigerator.

MICHAEL
Hope I didn't wake you when I came in.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Did you get my PICK 3 cards while you were out?

MICHAEL
(pained)
Oh, jeez, I totally forgot. I'm sorry. I'll get some today.

His mother nods, disappointed.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Rachel called.

Michael stops. A silent moment, then:

MICHAEL
She leave a number?

Mrs. Chambers takes a deep breath.

MRS. CHAMBERS
By the phone.

She rises and leaves. He listens to her footsteps fade as she walks down the hallway. Within seconds, the sound of the TV comes on. Loud. Michael picks up the phone and hesitates...

INT. HOUSE – DAY 19

On the television, the Cowboys/Redskins game is minutes away from starting. Michael looks like an ad for benzedrine.

VOICE
Yeah.

MICHAEL
It's Chambers. Thirty K on Dallas.

VOICE
Okay.

Michael hangs up.

INT. SAN MIGUEL RESTAURANT -- DAY 20

Michael and Rachel sit opposite each other.

RACHEL
When's the wedding?

MICHAEL
Twentieth.

RACHEL
Where?

MICHAEL
The house.

RACHEL
Give her my best.

MICHAEL
I will. I was surprised to get your call.

RACHEL
I was surprised to see you at the club.

MICHAEL
Just getting my weekly dose of second-hand smoke.

RACHEL
Uh-huh.

She nods.

MICHAEL
How's the acting gig?

RACHEL
I gave it up.

MICHAEL
Really.

RACHEL
Isn't that what you wanted?

MICHAEL
I never interfered.

RACHEL
Oh, so beneath the apathetic exterior there was actually a raging indifference. I get it.

Silence.

MICHAEL
Tell me about Tommy Dundee.

RACHEL
Tommy? He's a stitch. *

MICHAEL
It serious?

RACHEL
We go out.

MICHAEL
For how long?

RACHEL
A few months.

MICHAEL
He treat you okay?

RACHEL
Not as well as guys without money. *

RACHEL cont. *
He's gonna teach me how to manage the club.

MICHAEL
He looks like he might be into a few things besides managing a club.

RACHEL
Yeah.

MICHAEL
For instance?

RACHEL
I don't know.

MICHAEL
You don't know because you don't know, or you don't know because you don't want to know?

RACHEL
I don't know because I don't ask.

The Waitress arrives with Rachel's coffee. Rachel takes a tiny sip, finding it too hot to drink just yet. She stares into the steaming cup.

RACHEL
I wrote you a long letter after you left. About everything. Took me a week.

MICHAEL
I never got it.

RACHEL
I tore it up.

She smiles. He has to smile back.

MICHAEL
Walked right into that one.

RACHEL
Must be a new sensation for you: Walking in to something.

MICHAEL
Is it me, or is it hot in here?

RACHEL
It's you.

EXT. SAN MIGUEL REST. – DAY 21

Michael walks her to a late model Mustang convertible.

MICHAEL
Nice wheels.

RACHEL
Men are always buying me Mustangs. I don't know why.

As she opens her door:

MICHAEL
Can I see you again?

She turns.

RACHEL
I don't think that's a good idea.

MICHAEL
Rachel. I'm different now.

RACHEL
So am I.
(beat)
You humiliated me. You deserted me without any warning or explanation, and left me to deal with all the ugly shit you left behind. You didn't call anybody, nobody knew what happened to you. For all I knew you were eaten by loan sharks. It wasn't right.

MICHAEL
I know.

RACHEL
(looks at him)
Don't come looking for me. It makes it hard with Tommy.

She gets into her car. He watches her drive away.

INT. ARMORED CAR CO. – DAY 22

Two EMPLOYEES sit in a holding area, awaiting assignment and looking over a weekend football pool. An intercom comes to life sporadically with assignments or the occasional page.

GUARD #1
She goes where?

GUARD #2
To the library.

GUARD #1
The library. Jesus.

GUARD #2
She's been taking this correspondence course. She's studying.

GUARD #1
Until eleven every night.

GUARD #2
It closes at eleven. I checked.

GUARD #1
Gee, you're a one-man Warren Commission. Follow her, Casey.

GUARD #2
I couldn't do that.

GUARD #1
You'll thank me.

Ed enters with Michael in tow.

GUARD #2
Hey, Ed.

ED
How you boys doin'?

GUARD #1
Well, you know. Same shit, different day.

ED
Wanted to introduce you fellas to Michael Chambers, Annie's boy. He's putting in an application today.

They extend their hands.

GUARD #1
How you doin'?

MICHAEL
Good.

GUARD
Howdy.

MICHAEL
Hi.

GUARD #1
Coming to work here, eh?

MICHAEL
Yeah, maybe.

GUARD #2
You'll love it.

GUARD #1
Just think of it as the mental equivalent of salt-peter.

ED
Jeez, Mr. Hinkle tries to hire somebody under forty and you try and scare him off.

GUARD #1
Hate for him to find out the truth after it's too late.

GUARD #2
Look at us!! We're only twenty-two years old!!

Ed smiles and drags Michael off to another room.

GUARD #1
The library.

IN THE DELIVERY AREA 23

Michael and Ed walk. A MAN approaches them in a hurry.

GEORGE
Ed!! Can you take my spot on the Mitchelson run? Deborah's got some sort of contractions, I'm meeting her at the doctor's.

ED
I didn't think she was due yet. *

GEORGE
She's not, it's probably whatyacall, Braxton Hicks or something.

Ed looks at his watch.

ED
Okay. Go ahead, I'll take it.

GEORGE
Thanks!!

George dashes off and disappears around a corner.

ED
Jesus, the Mitchelson run. Hurry up and start working so I can retire.

MICHAEL
I will.

ED
They'll make you see Hinkle on your way out. He'll offer you a mint candy when you come in. Don't take it. At the end of the meeting, he'll offer it to you again. Take it and eat it right in front of him. You'll get the job.

INT. HOUSE – DAY 24

Michael, paces, talking on the phone. We hear vague construction noises in the background.

MICHAEL
Well, what's the difference between "doubtful" and "probable"?

VOICE
"Doubtful" means he probably won't play. "Probable" means he'll play, but there's some doubt.

MICHAEL
Oh, that clears everything up. So are they saying he's "doubtful" or "probable"? *

Rachel enters, dressed to kill.

RACHEL
Michael, did you get a call from– *

Michael waves her off. Pissed, she crosses through into the kitchen.

VOICE
My source said he was doubtful.

MICHAEL
How close is your source? Is he really close?

VOICE
You want to know how close he is? He's so close he's a she.

MICHAEL
Wow.

RACHEL
(off)
MICHAEL!!

MICHAEL
Gotta run. Talk to you.

He hangs up.

MICHAEL
What?

IN THE BACKYARD

Rachel stands watching the satellite dish being installed. Michael appears beside her.

MICHAEL
Amazing, isn't it? It's a twelve-foot paraclipse with terrestrial filters.

RACHEL
I don't care if it turns coffee beans into diamonds, what's it doing in our back yard?

MICHAEL
Wait 'til you see the image quality-- it's like looking out a window.

RACHEL
Oh, I'm sure that's why you got it.

The doorbell RINGS.

MICHAEL
That's probably the new TV.

He dashes off. Rachel shakes her head and watches the installation team assemble the dish.

RACHEL
Hey, is this thing safe?

WORKER
Oh, yeah. Just don't stand in front of it.

INT. OFFICE – DAY 25

Behind a nondescript desk sits CLAY HINKLE, director of personnel for Perennial Armored Car Service. In a side chair is SAM LOWRY, head of security. Hinkle is a bottom line guy with a trim haircut and a well-tailored suit. Lowry looks like human cement.

Hinkle digs a piece of candy from a shallow dish:

HINKLE
Mint?

MICHAEL
No, thank you.

HINKLE
Fine.

Hinkle and Lowry just stare at Michael, who manages not to fidget or look away.

HINKLE
Ed Dutton speaks highly of you. He's a good man, Ed.

MICHAEL
I hope so. He'll be my stepfather in a few days.

HINKLE
Yes.

Hinkle picks up a small glossy magazine and hands it to Michael.

HINKLE
That's a copy of Armored Transport Now!, a magazine we publish. Not just for ourselves, but for the entire industry. You might find it interesting.

MICHAEL
And here I thought cash was on the way out.

HINKLE
Forty years ago a study said cash would be on the way out. Fact is, there's more now than ever. Michael, people pay more to have their garbage picked up than for us to move their valuables for them, but they still wonder why they need our services and complain if we're five minutes late.
(more)

HINKLE (Cont'd)
Most people think armored car companies just move lumps of cash from one bank to another, but it's more complicated than that. Many of the services provided here used to be provided by the banks. For instance, a bank might have us pick up all the cash from a fast food chain, process and verify it here, and deposit it directly into the Fed, bypassing their branch altogether. That sort of thing.

MICHAEL
I see.

LOWRY
Where've you been the last two years?

Michael looks at him.

MICHAEL
I was running away from a bad marriage.

Lowry nods, appreciating his candor.

LOWRY
You have any experience with firearms?

MICHAEL
No.

HINKLE
You'll learn. We don't need marksmen, just people who can think clearly.

MICHAEL
That I can do.

HINKLE
Good.

Hinkle rises, and Michael follows cue.

HINKLE
Sure you wouldn't like a mint?

MICHAEL
Actually, now that you mention it, I would.

Michael takes a mint, unwraps it, and devours it. Hinkle smiles.

HINKLE
We'll be in touch. Some time this week we'll have you come in for the polygraph.

MICHAEL
(swallows)
Polygraph, great. Look forward to it.

MICHAEL

sweating, two heavy bags of coins in either hand. He walks toward us.

EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION -- DAY 26

One those fancy places where you can get and do almost anything for triple retail price.

MICHAEL AND ED

load up the back of the truck.

THE WHITE VAN

cruises by, and Michael watches it with a sidelong glance. Ed grunts trying to manuever the bags into position.

ED
Jesus, this Lotto thing is getting out of hand.

Michael climbs into the driver's seat, closes the rear doors with one remote handle, and opens the passenger side door with another. Ed climbs in and collapses into the hopper's seat. Michael grabs the radio receiver.

MICHAEL
Number twelve.

RADIO
Go ahead, twelve.

MICHAEL
Leaving location seven.

RADIO
Confirmed.

Michael wipes his brow. He stares at the PICK 3 sign in the window of the gas station.

INT. HOUSE – DAY 27

Michael instructs a delivery man where to put a large-screen television. Rachel enters and pulls him aside. The phone rings incessantly. *

MICHAEL
Don't answer it. *

RACHEL
Michael, tell me you didn't use the rest of that money to buy this.

MICHAEL
Okay. I didn't use the rest of it.

RACHEL
Thank god.

MICHAEL
I used some of the rest of it.

RACHEL
Michael!

MICHAEL
What else was I gonna use? We lost our credit cards.

RACHEL
Excuse me, you lost our credit cards.

MICHAEL
Fine, I lost them. It doesn't change the fact that to get this stuff I had to use cash.

RACHEL
How much cash?

MICHAEL
I got an incredible discount for not charging it.

RACHEL
Michael, how much cash?

MICHAEL
For the dish?

RACHEL
For everything.

MICHAEL
And installation?

RACHEL
Everything.

MICHAEL
And the subscription fees?

RACHEL
Michael...

MICHAEL
About seven.

RACHEL
Hundred?

MICHAEL
(laughs)
That was good! You're good.

She sits down, looking a bit faint.

RACHEL
Seven thousand. How are you going to pay those people you owe? They call constantly.

He moves to her and kneels. His eyes are alive, intense.

MICHAEL
Listen: I've got this whole thing figured out. I've got...it's not even a system, it's more like...I just know. I know which way to bet. Last week was a turning point for me. I'm in sync. It's like knowing something that nobody else knows. It's like being connected. I wish I could describe the feeling to you.

RACHEL
You don't have to.

MICHAEL
Hey, how'd it go?

RACHEL
How'd what go?

MICHAEL
The audition.

Now she remembers:

RACHEL
Michael, did you get a call from Jane Duncan after I left?

MICHAEL
Jane Duncan...no.

RACHEL
When you were on the phone while I was getting ready, did anybody try to click through?

MICHAEL
I don't remember. Probably.

RACHEL
They were trying to call and tell me not to come to the audition because they decided to bring someone in from L.A. instead of hiring a local. So I sat for an hour like an idiot before someone told me.

MICHAEL
Oh, god. I'm sorry. That must have been awful.

RACHEL
You know, it's moments like this you have all the inherent sincerity of a disc jockey. Did you at least remember to get my plane ticket?

MICHAEL
Yes and no.

RACHEL
What the hell does that mean?

MICHAEL
I did remember, but I didn't get it.

RACHEL
Michael! This is has been planned for months! It's my audition trip!! Julie's expecting me!!

MICHAEL
I got you something else.

RACHEL
What. What did you do?

MICHAEL
Well, I'll give you a hint. We don't have enough money left for you to fly to L.A., but you could drive there in style.

RACHEL
Wait. That's mine?

She goes to the window. Parked out front is a beautifully restored '66 Mustang. She turns around and looks at him.

RACHEL
Michael...

MICHAEL
(deadpan)
I knew you'd hate it. I'll take it back.

He reaches for his keys and starts for the door. She stops him.

RACHEL
Don't.

She looks at him. She wants to kill him and kiss him at the same time.

RACHEL
You really make me angry.

She kisses him.

MRS. CHAMBERS
MICHAEL!!

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE – DAY 28

Michael crosses to the living room. His mother is holding the phone out to him.

MICHAEL
I'll take it in the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Michael picks up the receiver.

MICHAEL
Hello?

RACHEL
Michael?

MICHAEL
Hi.
(shouting toward the living room)
Mom, you can hang up now.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mrs. Chambers hangs up.

IN THE KITCHEN

MICHAEL
There we go.

There is a long pause. Michael goes to sit at the table.

RACHEL
Are you there?

MICHAEL
I'm here.

RACHEL
How are you?-

MICHAEL
Good. What about you?

RACHEL
Good.

MICHAEL
Are you on a car phone?

RACHEL
Yes.

MICHAEL
Courtesy of...

A beat.

RACHEL
Yeah. So. Are you staying?

MICHAEL
I think so. I might get that job.

RACHEL
Uh-huh.

They share a moment of silence. The open phone line sounds like a distant ocean...Michael scribbles her name on a piece of scratch paper.

RACHEL
Um, I've got to go.

MICHAEL
Rachel--

RACHEL
I'll talk to you soon.

She hangs up. Michael stares at the receiver as though it could offer an explanation.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND "THE EMBER" -- NIGHT 29

MICHAEL
It's going to be fine.

RACHEL
Tonight I'm going to tell him that I don't trust you, that we should double-cross you.

MICHAEL
That's good. He won't know what hit him.

MICHAEL
This time tomorrow, the hard part'll be over.

RACHEL
God, I hope so.

MICHAEL
It will. Just drive straight to Whispering Pines. Don't stop for anything. It may take me a couple of days. They'll be asking lots of questions, I've got to let things cool off. Did you do what I said?

RACHEL
Yes. Just like you said--

MICHAEL
With a silencer?

RACHEL
--yes.

MICHAEL
And gloves for both of us, just in case. Don't forget.

RACHEL
I won't.

MICHAEL
All right. Then all you have to do is be patient.

RACHEL
(emotional)
I can't wait until this is whole thing is done.

HINKLE
(over)
Well, there's one question that this test never quite gets around to asking. And it's a question I need a answer to.

INT. OFFICE OF PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR – DAY 30

Michael sits in front of Clay Hinkle's desk. Hinkle slowly peruses the results of Michael's polygraph. Lowry stares at Michael.

MICHAEL
(swallowing)
What question is that?

Hinkle looks up at him.

HINKLE
When can you start?

Michael smiles. Hinkle and Lowry join him.

MICHAEL
That's it?

LOWRY
Welcome aboard.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE -- DAY 31

Mrs. Chambers prepares for her wedding.

There is a knock at her bedroom door.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Yes?

Michael and David enter, dressed in their best. She smiles as they cross to embrace her.

MICHAEL
You look beautiful.

DAVID
You really do.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Thank you. I'm so glad you're both here.

DAVID
I wanted to give you this beforehand. *

MRS. CHAMBERS
Oh...

David hands her a small box. Opening it, she reveals a beautiful pair of antique earrings.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Oh, they're beautiful. Thank you, David.

She kisses him on the cheek. Michael fidgets. *

MICHAEL
I'm, uh, still working on my present. *

MRS. CHAMBERS
That's all right. I'm just glad you're here. I don't need presents. *

She kisses Michael on the cheek as well. *

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE – DAY 32

The wedding. A handful of people are gathered in the backyard for the service, which is being performed by a justice of the peace type. Mrs. Chambers looks radiant; Ed looks nervous but happy. David looks on proudly, as does Michael, although Michael seems distant. *

OMITTED (33) 33 *

INT. HOUSE – DAY 34

Rachel stands at the kitchen counter. She has a dozen eggs in front of her, each painted with large numerals. She lifts them one at a time, smiling for an imaginary camera.

RACHEL
Twenty-three!!
(picks up another)
Eleven!!
(another)
Forty-one!!

She looks to Michael expectantly.

RACHEL
What do you think?

Michael is busy seperating the sports sections from about a dozen different daily and national newspapers.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry, do another one.

She retrieves another egg.

RACHEL
Twelve!!

MICHAEL
Not so smiley.

She picks another.

RACHEL
(softer)
Nine.

MICHAEL
Much better. What's wrong with the girl doing it now?

RACHEL
I don't know, they're killing her off for some reason.

MICHAEL
Why go up for this? It's not acting.

RACHEL
It's exposure. Like Vanna White, you know.

MICHAEL
Oh, that's something to aspire to.

He begins looking seriously at the various papers.

RACHEL
How was your lunch with David the other day?

MICHAEL
Fine.

RACHEL
What did you talk about?

MICHAEL
Oh, same old stuff. Family, work.

RACHEL
Seems like pretty desultory conversation for someone who called and specifically requested to see you.

MICHAEL
Yeah, well. Speak softly and carry a nightstick, that's David.

Rachel begins peeling the numbered eggs.

RACHEL
Hope you like egg salad, 'cause I'm making a ton.

MICHAEL
Great, I'll have it for dinner.

RACHEL
Michael, I thought we were going to eat at San Miguel.

MICHAEL
Let's go to San Miguel on Sunday after the game. I've got to make some calls.

RACHEL
I'm not staying in. I told Diane we'd meet her at the Ember.

MICHAEL
That's fine. I'll be here.

He turns on their tinv television and switches to ESPN.

RACHEL
You never do what you say you're gonna do.

MICHAEL
(not hearing)
Uh-huh...

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL
I should probably tell you I put ant poison in your underwear.

MICHAEL
All right...

RACHEL
And super glue in your toothpaste.

MICHAEL
Okay...

She throws an egg onto his newspaper. He snaps to life.

MICHAEL
Hey!

RACHEL
Remember me?

MICHAEL
Rachel, right?

RACHEL
Dick.

He smiles and turns back to the television.

MICHAEL
God, the picture on this TV sucks. Doesn't it suck?

She looks at him.

INT. PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY A35

Michael watches an instructional video about Perennial Armored Car. In the video, Clay Hinkle appears on camera: *

CLAY
(on video)
What sets Perennial apart from the other companies in this field is our personnel. Because of our high standards and revolutionary incentive program, our employees like working here; they want to keep working here. And let me tell you something: You can't buy that kind of loyalty. You earn it. *

As Michael watches, we intercut with:

INT. PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY 35

Michael is given a formal instructional tour of the facility. He sees the transfer area, the "mantraps", where the money is transferred, the "turret", where all operations are monitored, the processing and verification rooms, etc.

EXT. PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY 36

Michael is being trained to drive an armored car.

INT. PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR COMPANY – DAY 37

Michael is given instruction on all the inner workings of the vehicle, and the exact procedures involved in transferring valuables from the vehicle to the vault.

EXT. FIRING RANGE – DAY 38

Michael is given firearm instruction.

EXT. USED CAR LOT – DAY 39

Michael peruses. He leaves in Toyota compact.

EXT. HOUSE – DAY 40

This is the house Michael used to live in with Rachel. On the front lawn a sign reads FOR LEASE. Michael is being let in by the landlord.

INT. HOUSE – DAY 41

Michael cleans the house. He stands for a moment, surveying the living room.

IN THE SAME LIVING ROOM: 42

Michael paces the floor as the Cowboys game plays on the television. Discarded beer cans form inert huddles on the floor. The phone rings.

MICHAEL
(machine)
Leave a message.

RACHEL
(calling)
Michael? Michael? I know you're there. Hello??

Michael turns the volume down on the machine, watching a play for fourth and long with less than a minute to go.

The Cowboy quarterback throws a deep pass into heavy coverage; the ball is intercepted.

Michael EXPLODES, kicking beer cans across the room. Fuming, he crouches to the floor and puts his head in his hands as the clock runs out. The Cowboys lose.

UPSTAIRS: 43

Michael constructs a futon frame in the middle of a bare bedroom.

Michael connects a telephone and answering machine. He records a greeting:

MICHAEL
This is Michael. I'm not home right now. If you need to reach me during working hours, try 385-0301. Wait for the beep.

INT. WAITING AREA, PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR -- DAY 44

Michael sits reading SELF-ESTEEM: A USER'S GUIDE. Also in the room: **

GUARD #2
Forty-five minutes.

GUARD #1
Forty-five minutes? What do you think was going on?

GUARD #2
I wasn't inside.

GUARD #1
But what do--

GUARD #2
I have to trust her.

GUARD #1
You're either very smart or very stupid. I can't figure out which.

Michael is paged. He gets up from his seat and crosses to the telephone. He punches a flashing button and lifts the receiver.

MICHAEL
Hello?

RACHEL
It's me.

He turns away from the others.

MICHAEL
Hi.

A very long pause.

RACHEL
I need to speak to you.

INT. HOUSE -- DAY 45

Michael lies on a bed, watching Rachel braid her hair. As she hums to herself, he becomes more and more entranced by the effortless way in which her fingers weave a pattern with her shiny mane. With the light streaming in and the distant sound of birds, it is a moment to savor.

EXT. PARK -- DUSK 46

Rachel and Michael sit opposite each other.

RACHEL
He proposed.

MICHAEL
Christ.
(pause)
What did you say?

RACHEL
I said I needed time. I pretended I wasn't expecting it.

Silence. She struggles. Then:

RACHEL
The problem is this: when I think of trying again with you, I don't know if it's a moment of strength or a moment of weakness.

She looks up at him.

RACHEL
You remember that last time we went away? Just before you left?

He nods.

RACHEL
Remember the conversation we had?

MICHAEL
Yes.

RACHEL
That still frightens me, Michael. I don't want to be on the outside. It's too painful.

Michael looks at her.

MICHAEL
Rachel, all I've thought about these past couple of years is the things I shouldn't have said to you but did, and all the things I wanted to say to you but couldn't. I won't make that mistake again. * *

A long pause as she studies him. She must be satisfied, because:

RACHEL
Let's go away. For the weekend.

MICHAEL
You know I'd like that.

RACHEL
Let's go to Whispering Pines.

Michael exhales.

MICHAEL
I would have been too afraid to suggest it, because you would've thought it was too sentimental.

RACHEL
We had a good time there.

MICHAEL
Yes.
(thinks)
What about Tommy?

RACHEL
Don't worry about Tommy. I'll take care of everything.

MICHAEL
I don't really want to hear the details, do I?

RACHEL
(smiles)
No.

EXT. PARK – NIGHT 47

Michael walks Rachel to her car.

RACHEL
I'll pick you up Friday at six. *

MICHAEL
Can we take my car? *

RACHEL
We can take your car. *

He doesn't know whether or not to kiss her. She decides for him, leaning into his lips. The kiss is delicate and hopeful. *

Afterward, she puts her finger to his mouth.

RACHEL
I forgot how soft your lips are.

She grins and kisses him again. He responds, and they begin something that very soon they are powerless to stop. They cling to each other hungrily, barely believing they could go so far. *

MICHAEL
All you have to do is say no. *

RACHEL
Don't tell me what to do. *

She kisses him some more and then opens the rear door of her car. Michael looks at her.

RACHEL
Well? You want a ride or not? *

He gets in and she gets in on top of him. Within moments they are moving in tandem. Her hand reaches down to his waist. After a moment's groping:

RACHEL
Gee, you're almost hard. *

He laughs.

MICHAEL
Rachel, I can't tell you how much I want you, but somebody might see us. *

RACHEL
Michael. I don't care. *

And she proves it.

Later, they lie (as best they can) in each other's arms. He strokes her face.

MICHAEL
Suddenly Friday seems a long way off. *

RACHEL
It's only two days. *

MICHAEL
Bet you it'll feel longer than than the whole time I was away. *

RACHEL
Please, no more betting. *

Later, still:

She's in the driver's seat, with the engine running. Michael, standing beside the car, kisses her through the window. Afterward, he looks at her and smiles. *

MICHAEL
Rachel, right?

She laughs and then pulls away. Michael crosses to his car. As he leaves the parking lot, we reveal *

DAVID

watching from the shadows. His face is a mask.

EXT. POWER SPORTS WORLD – DAY 48 *

David and Michael stand eating lunch off the hood of Michael's car. David is in his police uniform; Michael in his Power Sports World outfit, replete with name tag.

DAVID
How's Rachel?

MICHAEL
Fine. Doing the audition thing.

DAVID
Tell her I said hello. *

MICHAEL
I will. *

DAVID
Listen: This is a difficult thing to bring up, but I got a call from Mom last night, and she told me that you hadn't sent her any money in two months.

Michael stops eating.

DAVID
She couldn't bring herself to tell you directly when you were at the house jumping her car. That was the real reason she called you over, to talk to you about it.
(beat)
We had an arrangement. She needs the money, Michael.

MICHAEL
I've got it. I can give it all to her today. With interest. I can give her the next six months in advance--

DAVID
Michael, she doesn't care about interest, and she doesn't care about "in advance". She just wants to know if you can be counted on. It's really boring to have this conversation every six months.

MICHAEL
I agree.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
Jesus. This is our mother. She needs our help. And seeing as how you managed to avoid being around after Dad died--

MICHAEL
Hey, hey-- *

DAVID
You wouldn't even go to see her when they-- *

MICHAEL
I said I've got the money. Can we not turn this into a Eugene O'Neill play? I've got the money.

DAVID
This time.

Michael puts his lunch down and reaches into his wallet.

MICHAEL
What is it? Two hundred a month?

Michael counts out eight hundred dollars. He stuffs it into Michael's shirt pocket.

MICHAEL
Two months. And six months advance.

DAVID
It makes me sick the way you made it.

MICHAEL
Yeah. You never could stand using your brain.

Michael leaves.

EXT. ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY 49

Michael pulls the truck into the delivery bay.

INT. ARMORED CAR COMPANY, DELIVERY BAY -- DAY 50

Michael and Ed begin unloading their bags into large wheeled carts. They roll them over to the "mantrap", where Ed will be responsible for making the official transaction.

Michael walks over to the "turret" and gets the attention of the operator.

MICHAEL
(looking around)
Is everybody in?

OPERATOR
Two left. There's such a frenzy with the tickets, the retailers are trying to wait 'til the last minute.

Michael can't resist looking at his watch: 4:02 PM.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE – NIGHT 51 *

Michael, looking anxious, sits in his kitchen. The clock reads 7:12 pm.

MICHAEL
C'mon, c'mon. *

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT 51A

Michael sits on the porch, cordless phone to his ear. *

OPERATOR
(recording)
The mobile customer you are trying to reach...is away from the phone or out of range... *

As a car approaches, he perks up. *

It isn't her. *

He looks at his watch: 8:53 pm. *

EXT. THE EMBER – NIGHT 52

In the rear parking lot, Michael looks in the window of RACHEL'S CAR. Her car phone sits in a cradle by the gear shift.

MICHAEL
What the hell is going on? *

INT. THE EMBER – NIGHT 53

Michael pays the cover and gets his hand stamped. He heads for the bar, where he attracts the attention of the Barkeep.

MICHAEL
Rachel around?

The Barkeep shakes his head.

MICHAEL
What about Tommy?

The Barkeep shakes his head.

MICHAEL
Look, it's sort of important. We were supposed to hook up and she never showed. You don't know where she is?

BARKEEP
Everybody piled in the car and took off.

MICHAEL
You know where to?

BARKEEP
Vegas, I think. Said they'd be gone through next week.

MICHAEL
Rachel, too? You're absolutely sure?

BARKEEP
She's tough to miss.

Michael nods.

FEMALE VOICE
Hey!! Michael!!

Michael turns to see SUSAN approaching, a female friend in tow. He sighs to himself.

SUSAN
How are you?!

MICHAEL
Fine. How are you?

SUSAN
Great!! I had a feeling I would run into you!!

MICHAEL
(smiles) *
Me, too.

An awkward moment.

SUSAN'S FRIEND *
Hi. I'm Deborah.

SUSAN
(to Susan) *
Oh, I'm sorry--

MICHAEL
Nice to meet you. *
(to Susan)
Listen: I'm sorry, but I was just on my way out.

SUSAN
Oh. Well. You still have my number, right?

MICHAEL
I still have your number.

SUSAN
Okay. Then maybe I'll talk to you.

MICHAEL
All right. Bye.
(to Susan's friend)
Bye.

SUSAN'S FRIEND
(lighting up)
Bye.

Michael leaves. Susan's friend immediately turns off her smile.

SUSAN'S FRIEND
Never date a man prettier than you are.

Susan watches Michael leave.

INT. CHAMBERS HOUSE -- DAY 54

Dinner. Michael, Mrs. Chambers, and Ed. Michael is conspicuosly quiet as he eats.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Ed says you're doing very well at the company.

ED
Hinkle came up and thanked me the other day. Said you were a model employee. *

MICHAEL
I'm glad he thinks so.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Have you seen David lately?

MICHAEL
Not since your divor--your wedding, excuse me. Not since the wedding.

He looks up, embarrassed. Ed and Mrs. Chambers look at each other and laugh. Michael laughs with them.

ED
Son, when you get to be my age, you'll realize: Sometimes the planets just don't line up, and there's nothing you can do about it.

Ed takes Mrs. Chambers hand.

ED
And of course, sometimes they do line up, and there's nothing you can do about that, either.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 55

Michael enters.

He sits at his (new) kitchen table and drinks a soda.

OMITTED (56) 56

Later: 57

Jacket off, he lies on his bed, staring at his bedside clock. He picks up the phone and dials a number from a small piece of paper.

SUSAN'S VOICE *
You've reached Susan Dunbar. I'm not able to get to the phone, but if you leave a message, I'll return your call as soon as possible.

The beep sounds.

MICHAEL
Hi. This is Michael Chambers. I'm sorry to call so late--

SUSAN
(picking up)
Hello?

MICHAEL
Oh, you're there.

SUSAN
Yeah, I didn't really feel like talking to anybody. *

MICHAEL
Okay. Bye. *

She laughs. He laughs at her laugh.

SUSAN
I didn't mean you. What are you doing?

MICHAEL
Sitting around. What about you?

SUSAN
Sitting around.

A beat.

INT. STONE CABIN -- NIGHT 58

Michael and Rachel lie in bed, post coital. She strokes the hair from his forehead. He looks content, but distant.

RACHEL
Michael?

MICHAEL
Mmmm.

RACHEL
Are you with me?

MICHAEL
Yes.

RACHEL
I feel like you're somewhere else.

MICHAEL
Sometimes.

RACHEL
I'd like to be close.

MICHAEL
This is close.

RACHEL
This is close to you?

MICHAEL
Isn't it?

He says nothing.

RACHEL
You're not very present tense.

MICHAEL
Please don't use acting terminology on me.

RACHEL
I love you, Michael.

Still, he says nothing.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT 59

Michael rolls off of Susan. They are in his bed, naked, having just approximated the physical act of love. She looks at him.

SUSAN
That was nice.

He makes some sort of affirmative noise.

SUSAN
Is there anything I can do?

MICHAEL
Is there anything you can't do? *

They share a laugh.

SUSAN
I've never done that before.

MICHAEL
What? Had sex?

SUSAN
No, gone to bed with somebody that quickly.

MICHAEL
Oh. Well.

SUSAN
There's somebody else.

A beat.

MICHAEL
Sort of.

SUSAN
Sort of?
(pause)
Where is she?

MICHAEL
In the closet with a camera.

She smiles a little.

MICHAEL
No, I don't know.

SUSAN
How come you aren't with her?

Michael exhales but says nothing.

SUSAN
Why are you here with me?

MICHAEL
Because we both know I'm wrong for you.

She thinks about that.

MICHAEL
Susan, I like you. I really do. I'm just saying that in my experience, there's what's good for you, and there's what you want. And they never meet.

SUSAN
They never meet.

MICHAEL
Except for my mother and stepfather, actually. But it's an aberration. They're lucky.

SUSAN
Maybe they think they're wrong for each other.

MICHAEL
Naw, they're too old for that shit.

SUSAN
So then why do anything with anybody.

MICHAEL
Because anything is better than nothing.

SUSAN
(shakes her head)
The idea that you think you make sense is really terrifying.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I know.

He smiles and starts to kiss her...

EXT. CHAMBERS HOUSE -- DAY 60

Michael is jumping his mother's car. When both engines are running, he pulls the jumper cables and puts them into his trunk.

MICHAEL
Okay?

MRS. CHAMBERS
That's good. Thank you.

He closes the trunk.

MRS. CHAMBERS
How's Rachel?

MICHAEL
She's fine.

MRS. CHAMBERS
How was your trip up to Whispering Pines?

MICHAEL
Good. Anything else you need me to do?

She looks like she wants to say something, but can't.

MICHAEL
What?

Her eyes water a little.

MICHAEL
Mom, what is it? Are you okay? Tell me what's wrong?

MRS. CHAMBERS
Nothing. I just don't get to see you much.

He smiles and gives her a hug.

MICHAEL
You know where to find me.

She closes her eyes. He separates.

MICHAEL
I've gotta run. Let me know if you need anything.

He gets into his car and pulls away. She watches him, sad...

EXT. THE EMBER -- NIGHT 61

Michael and Rachel in the alley.

MICHAEL
We'll have everything we want. It's going to be fine.

RACHEL
Tonight I'm going to tell him that I don't trust you, that we should double-cross you.

MICHAEL
Good. That's good.

INT. THE EMBER -- NIGHT 62

Michael is entering. He displays his hand stamp to the Doorman.

DOORMAN
Tommy's in a mood.

MICHAEL
That's new.

Michael negotiates his way toward the VIP room. Before he reaches it, he is stopped by his brother.

DAVID
Got business in back?

Michael looks at him, his expression indicating he didn't expect to see David here.

MICHAEL
What are you, Serpico?

DAVID
Somehow I doubt Tommy Dundee invited you to his going away party.

MICHAEL
I don't think the Austin police department made the list, either. *

DAVID
I'm trying to help you.

MICHAEL
You've done plenty already.

Michael pushes past him. David watches him and then heads for the bar, where he orders tequila.

INT. BANK VAULT -- DAY 63

Michael is moving a load from the vault. He's about to turn the corner for the stairs when he sees her:

RACHEL

standing in line. Michael stops, stunned. He swallows and looks around, helpless. He doesn't have any choice but to continue his run to the truck, and it's killing him.

IN THE DELIVERY BAY

Michael returns to his truck.

MICHAEL'S PARTNER
That the last of it?

MICHAEL
Yeah. Give me two minutes. I've got use the bathroom.

IN THE BANK

Michael appears in the main lobby area and looks around. Rachel has gone. He walks to the front door and looks out.

TOMMY'S CAR

has just pulled out of the parking lot. Michael gets a flash of Rachel's features as it speeds off.

SUSAN
Michael?

He turns. Susan approaches him.

MICHAEL
(flustered)
Hi.

SUSAN
Hi, how are you?

MICHAEL
I'm...I'm fine.

SUSAN
Are you sure?

MICHAEL
Oh yeah, we're just running a few seconds behind.

SUSAN
I'll walk down with you.

IN THE DELIVERY BAY 64

Michael and Susan descend the stairs. The delivery bay doors OPENS, bathing the area in white light. A WHITE VAN with a BONA FIDE OFFICE COMMUNICATIONS logo on the side panel enters and parks near the armored car.

MICHAEL
So what is it that you're doing here, exactly?

SUSAN
I'm training to be a teller. In the mean time I get to help the assistant office manager keep an eye on the number of ball-point pens we use each month.

MICHAEL
Oh, uh-huh.

The DRIVER of the WHITE VAN has emerged, clipboard in hand. She approaches Susan.

DELIVERY WOMAN
Are you Susan Crenshaw?

SUSAN
Yes.

DELIVERY WOMAN
I need you to sign.

Michael looks at the clipboard. He notices the vendor code at the top of the page: 1138. The Delivery Woman gives Susan a copy of the signed document and returns to her truck to begin unloading. Michael looks around the delivery area, turning something over in his mind.

SUSAN
So I'll speak to you soon, I hope.

MICHAEL
(distracted)
All right. Take care.

She looks at him for a moment before walking off. He stares once more the the delivery door and THE WHITE VAN. He also looks up at the GLASS BUBBLES that dot the ceiling: SURVEILLENCE CAMERAS.

OMITTED (65) 65 *

EXT. THE EMBER – NIGHT 66

Michael parks his car. Nosing around the rear entrance, he spots TOMMY'S CAR in a reserved space.

INT. THE EMBER – NIGHT 67

Michael enters, pays his cover, and gets his hand stamped. He heads for the bar, and waits for the Barkeep to look over. When he does:

MICHAEL
Shiner.

The Barkeep nods. Within seconds Michael's request is in front of him, foaming. Michael lays down his money.

MICHAEL
Rachel in tonight?

BARKEEP
Haven't seen her.

Michael nods. He notices one of the waitresses exiting the VIP room and walking up to the bar.

WAITRESS *
Three scotch waters, one dirty martini Tanqueray, two Rolling Rocks, and an Amstel.

The Barkeep nods and goes to work. Michael moves closer to the Waitress.

MICHAEL *
I'm trying to get a message to Rachel, is she here?

WAITRESS *
Tommy's wife? Yeah, she's here.

A beat. Michael looks like he's been hit with a shovel.

MICHAEL *
Tommy's wife. Tommy's wife. Right.

WAITRESS *
Yeah. She's in back.

He's still struggling with this information.

The Barkeep shows up with the order. Michael takes out a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL and shows it to the Waitress. He then tears it, giving her half.

MICHAEL
Do me one small favor and the other half is yours.

WAITRESS
I don't have to touch you, do I?

INT. THE VIP ROOM -- NIGHT 68

The Waitress enters.

Tommy and the cronies lounge around, playing pool and watching television. Their voices and figures float in and out of shadows broken by pools of incandescent light.

Rachel sits in a corner, reading ALLURE magazine. On her left hand is a wedding ring. The Waitress distributes all the drinks, saving Rachel's for last. Rachel takes it without even glancing upward.

WAITRESS
Would you like a napkin?

RACHEL
No, thanks.

WAITRESS
Well, I'll set it here, just in case.

The Waitress puts a napkin down on the table and waits for a moment. Rachel looks up at her.

RACHEL
Didn't Tommy tip you?

WAITRESS
Oh, yes.

RACHEL
Good.

Rachel returns to her magazine.

IN THE BAR 69

The Waitress returns. Michael looks to her, his eyes eager.

WAITRESS
I put it right in front of her but she wouldn't look at it.

He hands her the other half of the fifty.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

IN THE VIP ROOM 70

Rachel continues to read.

TOMMY
What you readin' about, hon? Tit jobs?

She looks up. He stands above her, drink in hand.

RACHEL
Yeah. I'm thinking of having one put on my forehead.

TOMMY
Could be interesting.

He moves to sit. As he starts to put his drink down on the napkin provided by the Waitress, he stops.

His expression clouds.

TOMMY
What the hell is this?

He picks up the napkin. Written on it are the words MICHAEL IS HERE.

Rachel looks at it, bewildered.

RACHEL
I don't know, I--

TOMMY
What the hell is this!! Are you rolling this guy behind my back?

RACHEL
Tommy, I swear to God I have no idea--

Tommy pushes her as he gets up from the couch.

IN THE BAR 71

Tommy emerges from the VIP room and begins looking frantically around the bar. The spot where Michael was seated is now vacant. Tommy heads for the front door.

EXT. THE EMBER – NIGHT 72

Tommy exits and jogs to the parking lot. He spots a Toyota pick-up leaving and catches a glimpse of Michael behind the wheel.

TOMMY
Son of a bitch.

INT. THE VIP ROOM – NIGHT 73

Rachel still sits on the couch, being interrogated by Tommy. The Waitress who brought the note is present as well.

RACHEL
You see? I didn't ask him to come here. He bribed her to take me a note. I can't control that. If you want him out of the club, keep him out of the club.

TOMMY
Oh, you bet I will. And if I find out you're seeing him, I'll make you very uncomfortable.

INT. PERENNIAL ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY 74

Michael paces in the holding area. The clock reads 4:19 PM. George is seated nearby, reading. At the sound of the garage door opening, Michael goes to the window. The last two trucks have arrived.

GEORGE
That both of them?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

George glances at his watch.

GEORGE
They'll never make it. Company'll be eatin' interest big time. 'Specially on this haul.

The intercom crackles to life.

SPEAKER
George Ritenhouse, dial seven. George Ritenhouse, dial seven.

George gets up and goes to the company phone and dials.

Michael watches the trucks unload, silently willing them to move faster.

GEORGE
(into phone)
What? Oh, no. I'll be right there.
(hangs up)
That was Deborah. She broke water.

George heads for the door.

GEORGE
I'll find you another hopper.

MICHAEL
Good luck. I mean, with the baby.

GEORGE
Thanks.

George leaves. Michael looks at his watch again.

OMITTED (75) 75 *

EXT. THE EMBER -- NIGHT 76

Michael and Rachel in the alley.

MICHAEL
All you have to do is be patient.

RACHEL
(emotional)
I can't wait until this whole thing is done.

INT. THE EMBER -- NIGHT 77

AT THE DOOR TO THE VIP ROOM

A WAITRESS listens. She hears a commotion and peaks through a crack: Tommy and Michael are scuffling with a gun. Rachel screams at them both, while the various Flunkys and their women scramble to get clear. The Waitress walks briskly over to David.

WAITRESS
There's trouble. And a gun.

David bolts from the bar as several people emerge from the VIP room, their faces contorted with fear.

THE VIP ROOM

David enters to see Michael and Tommy being held apart. The Flunky is wrestling a handgun away from Tommy. David draws his own weapon.

DAVID
All right, hold it!! Police officer!! Drop the gun!! Drop the gun!!

Slowly, everyone settles. Tommy's gun drops heavily to the floor.

DAVID
Whose firearm is that?

TOMMY
Mine. I got papers for it. This is my club.

DAVID
What the hell happened in here?

Silence.

DAVID
Maybe you'll find your tongues down at the station.

TOMMY
It's just between us.

MICHAEL
(re: Tommy)
He thinks college football should have a playoff system. I don't.

DAVID
(playing along)
So he tried to shoot you?

MICHAEL
He's stubborn.

DAVID
Rachel, why don't you tell me what happened.

MICHAEL
She's his wife. You can't make her incriminate him. And I'm not pressing charges. So you got nothing.

DAVID
Nobody's got anything to say?

No. David stares at Michael, then at Rachel.

DAVID
You shoulda listened to me, Michael.

MICHAEL
That's what Mom always said.

DAVID
(to Tommy)
If you weren't leaving town tomorrow I'd run your ass in. As it is, I pity the San Antonio P.D.

TOMMY
Thanks for the send-off.

David exits, tense.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE -- DAY 78

Michael lies in bed, reading a book entitled *SAYING HELLO TO YOURSELF*. The phone rings.

MICHAEL
Beatle fan club. *

RACHEL
That was a stupid thing to do.

Michael bolts upright.

MICHAEL
Where are you?

RACHEL
I'm in my car. I'm just calling to say stay away from--

MICHAEL
But what happened? I waited for you and then you never showed and then you're fucking married! What the hell's going on? *

RACHEL
Michael, I don't have time to play games with you.

MICHAEL
Why didn't you come?

RACHEL
I don't want to have this conversation, it's idiotic for you to be asking me that after what happened.

MICHAEL
What are you talking about?

RACHEL
Michael--

MICHAEL
You owe me an explanation!

RACHEL
There's nothing to explain.

MICHAEL
You haven't told me why you didn't show! *

RACHEL
I shouldn't have to, you already know!

MICHAEL
But I don't! What the hell happened to you?!

She sighs audibly.

RACHEL
All right. Let's get this over with. Where are you?

MICHAEL
I'm at the Salem street house.

RACHEL
Oh god, you're kidding. You're renting it?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

RACHEL
Boy, you don't do anything halfway, I'll give you that. I'll see you in a minute. And no funny stuff.

MICHAEL
Fine.

EXT. MICHAEL AND RACHEL'S HOUSE – DAY 79 *

Rachel is seated on the porch, looking off camera. Her hair is tousled and her expression is pained. *

MICHAEL
(off)
When were you going to tell me? *

RACHEL *
I wasn't.

MICHAEL
(off)
So it just would have gone on? *

RACHEL
Probably. *

MICHAEL
(off)
How could you stand lying to me? *

RACHEL
I couldn't. *

MICHAEL
(off)
But you did. *

She nods. After a long pause, she looks up.

RACHEL
You have a line. *

MICHAEL
(off)
Really? Oh. *

We now reveal that Michael is sitting opposite Rachel with a script in hand. He turns the page.

MICHAEL
Okay.
(reading)
Are you in love?

RACHEL
Not with him.

Michael puts the script down, finished.

RACHEL
Can we do it again?

MICHAEL
I can't right now, I've got to make a few calls.

He picks up a cordless and begins dialing.

RACHEL
Was I okay?

MICHAEL
Rach, it's impossible for me to tell, because I just see you, and you seem like you. I mean--
(into phone)
Brill? It's Michael. Hey. You heard anything?

Rachel, irritated, rises and walks to the front door.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE – DAY 80

A knock at the door. Rachel enters wordlessly and walks around the living room.

RACHEL
Bizarre...

MICHAEL
What can I get you?

RACHEL
In lots of trouble.

MICHAEL
What else?

RACHEL
A beer.

He goes to the kitchen.

UPSTAIRS 81

By the time he has retrieved the beer she is wandering around the bedroom, sifting through his bedside material with her foot. Michael eyes her wedding ring as she accepts her beer.

MICHAEL
So I have a year to buy you a present, right?

RACHEL
Yeah.

MICHAEL
I figured I'd get you something you can really use. Like hemlock.

She shrugs.

MICHAEL
Happy?

RACHEL
Like an Oscar-winner. You know me, I like money.

MICHAEL
Is that why?

RACHEL
Listen, after what your brother pulled, you can knock off the disbelief shit.

Michael swallows.

MICHAEL
What my brother pulled?

RACHEL
Oh, come on.

MICHAEL
(heated)
What? What did he do?

RACHEL
What did he do? Are you telling me you don't know?

MICHAEL
Rachel, WHAT DID HE DO?

RACHEL
He threatened me.

MICHAEL
How? When?

She looks at him.

RACHEL
There's a lot you don't know about David, Michael. When you left two years ago, he was...pursuing me. He'd call. He'd follow me. Thiis went on for a long time. I kept telling him to stop, and finally he did. The night we talked about going away, he came to see me. He had followed me from the diner. First he started telling me that he was still obsessed with me, and then he started...he tried to come on to me. I started screaming at him, and he told me that if he couldn't have me, then neither could you. He told me to stay away from you, and he said if I didn't, he'd frame me for possession and send me up. I started to call his bluff and he pulled out a bag and started dragging me to his car.

Michael leaves her and goes to sit on the bed.

MICHAEL
Jesus. Why didn't you call me?

RACHEL
Because when your psychopathic brother with a badge starts throwing his weight around, I figured forget this and forget you. The Chambers family is a bad investment.

MICHAEL
But why Tommy? Why marry Tommy?

RACHEL
Well, he did ask.

MICHAEL
Oh, come on!! That's not a reason!!

RACHEL
You asked, once.

He stands and walks up to her.

MICHAEL
Tell me it was same thing. Look me in the eye and tell me it was the same thing. Go on!

She can't, because it wasn't. Her controlled facade crumbles.

RACHEL
Michael, I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I'm miserable. He treats me awful. Look at my arms.

She rolls up her sleeves, revealing fresh, deep bruises.

MICHAEL
Omigod...Rachel.

He hugs her, and she cries on his shoulder.

RACHEL
He scares me, Michael. I know they've killed people. I just know it. I don't know how to get out of it.

MICHAEL
You can get out of it.

RACHEL
How? I'm married to Mack the Knife, how do I get out of it?

MICHAEL
We just leave. We'll live somewhere else.

RACHEL
On what?

MICHAEL
I've got some money saved.

RACHEL
It'll never be enough. He'd find us.

MICHAEL
No.

He pulls back to look at her. They stare into each other's eyes and then begin to kiss, deeply. They've been waiting a long time for this moment.

THE SOUND OF A DOOR CLOSING

breaks them from their reverie.

RACHEL
What was that?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Sounded like the refrigerator.

Michael leaves the bedroom and crosses to the stairs. Looking down, he sees the very edge of a shadow cross the floor of the hallway. Rachel edges up behind him.

MICHAEL
Did I leave the kitchen light on?

RACHEL
I don't know.

MICHAEL
Wait here.

Michael slowly descends the stairs and makes his way to the kitchen. 82

As he nears it, Tommy is revealed to be seated at the kitchen table. He's drinking a soda. There's a GUN on the table. *

RACHEL
(off screen)
Michael?

Michael looks to Tommy, who nods.

MICHAEL
In here.

She comes to the kitchen and gasps upon seeing Tommy. *

TOMMY
(to Rachel)
Hi, hon. You know, it don't look right. You can't exactly say it looks right, now can you?

Michael and Rachel exchange glances but say nothing.

TOMMY
Michael, it's a risk of doing business that the people closest to you may do you wrong. Usually, I can figure out a way to get satisfaction. Let's say they're skimming. Well, they can give me the money back. Work it off. Something. I'm pretty good at balancing these things out. But see: You can't unfuck my wife. So I find myself looking to the outer edges of acceptable behavior to make myself feel better. It's not nice, what comes to mind.

RACHEL
It was my idea to come here.

TOMMY
That's not helping, hon.

Michael, his mind racing, looks up at Tommy.

MICHAEL
I wanted to talk to you.

TOMMY
So the napkin should have been under my drink. Now everything makes sense. I had it all wrong.
(to Rachel)
Didn't I, hon?

RACHEL
That's right.

TOMMY
I see. Well, I'm just wondering why you didn't open up to me directly. I'm very approachable.

Michael looks to Rachel.

RACHEL
(buying time)
He wanted my opinion first.

TOMMY
That sounds very vague to me, hon. A little soft, even.

MICHAEL
I wanted to talk to you...about a business proposition. I wanted to make you a business proposition. But I wanted her opinion about how to approach you.

TOMMY
And she suggested that you seduce her as a way to approach me.

RACHEL
No!

MICHAEL
No.

TOMMY
What business could we possibly have together?

MICHAEL
A job.

TOMMY
A job. A job job?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

TOMMY
Why come to me?

MICHAEL
You're the only crook I know.

TOMMY
(smiles)
Is that polite? Tell me, what kind of job is it, Michael, that you need a "crook"?

MICHAEL
Where I work.

Rachel looks at Michael with barely concealed surprise.

TOMMY
Where you work.

MICHAEL
Armored cars. I work with armored cars.

TOMMY
And.

MICHAEL
And every Monday, all the cars go on a pick-up run to collect all the cash paid for lottery tickets from all the retailers in the city. Then they all come back to the company, the money is verified and we take the whole wad to the bank. In one truck. It could be anywhere from a couple of hundred thousand to a million. Small bills. Totally untraceable.

Tommy lifts his head toward the ceiling in thought. His face breaks into a smile.

TOMMY
Well.

INT. ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY 83

IN THE HOLDING AREA

Michael still waits. The clock reads 5:52 PM.

GUARD #1
Why "uncontested"? You could've hit her with the rug salesman.

GUARD #2
No point. She'd only been seeing him a few weeks.

GUARD #1
But if you get adultery, you can slip out of the alimony.

GUARD #2
Didn't want to get into all that.

GUARD #1
Why not?

Guard #2 smiles enigmatically.

GUARD #1
You bastard. Who?

GUARD #2
Somebody.

GUARD #1
For how long?

GUARD #2
Since before the beginning.

Guard #1 whistles. Ed enters and crosses to Michael.

ED
Well, it's you and me, kid.

MICHAEL
What?

ED
George collared me.

MICHAEL
But you've been out all day. Couldn't he find somebody else?

ED
I'm suddenly not good enough?

MICHAEL
(trying not to panic)
No, I just--like I said, you've been out all day.

ED
Ah, it's a short run.

SPEAKER
Ready for number nineteen.

ED
Here we go.

They leave the holding area.

INT. CAR – DAY 84

In a parking lot. Michael sits in the driver's seat, Rachel in the passenger seat.

MICHAEL
So we're on the back nine, and it's a par three, and I slice my tee shot into a bunker.

Rachel, staring at Michael, takes off her shoes.

MICHAEL
So he tees off smack down the center of the fairway, ten yards from the green.

Rachel rotates in her seat and puts one of her feet between Michael's legs.

RACHEL
Uh-huh.

MICHAEL
(smiles)
Do you want to hear this?

RACHEL
Please.

She keeps rubbing him with her foot.

MICHAEL
Where was I?

RACHEL
He was ten yards from the green. You were in the bunker.

MICHAEL
Right. So at this point I'm down two hundred, and this jerk is really riding me, talking about my hair getting in my eyes and crap. So I bet him two grand I win the hole.

She's got her other foot working on him now. He's trying to concentrate. She smiles at him.

MICHAEL
And he says, "Why not three?" And I say, "Why not five?" And he hesitates and then says, "Okay, five." That's when I knew he was a eunuch. So I get in the bunker and hit a pole shot. All I need is a two-foot putt for par. I thought he was gonna eat his moustache. He hits his next shot clear over the green, ends up double bogie for the hole.

RACHEL
Gosh. That's exciting.

He looks at her. She's still working him with her feet.

MICHAEL
If you keep doing that, I'll be forced to have my way with you.

RACHEL
Promises, promises.

He takes one of her feet and bites it. She screams.

MAN
Chambers.

Michael turns to see a MAN looking into the driver's-side window.

MICHAEL
Yeah?

The Man hands him a brown paper bag. Michael opens it, revealing several stacks of TWENTIES nestled inside.

MAN
Some people were interested in trying to garnish your wages. I suggest you take care of them.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

MAN
Take my advice, Michael. Don't spend this. Get yourself squared.

MICHAEL
Okay, thanks.

The Man looks at them both for a second before leaving. Michael shows Rachel the bag. She rubs the cash with her foot.

RACHEL
Feels almost as good as you.

MICHAEL
God, I love betting. *

INT. VIP ROOM, THE EMBER -- NIGHT 85

Shadowy, half-hidden faces with motives to match. Michael and Tommy stand in front of the two-way mirror that looks out onto the club. Rachel sits on the couch, pretending to read. *

MICHAEL
The trucks have to complete their runs by four o'clock. The money is verified and wrapped by six. The truck has to be at the bank by six-thirty, or the company has to pay the interest for missing the day. So everything in the entire facility is geared toward getting every dollar on that truck. This is how it works: When we get to the bank, there are two or three docks in the secure delivery area. You go in with a van posing as a legitimate vendor just after we arrive. Then you pop out and scoop it all up.

TOMMY
How do you make sure you're the driver?

MICHAEL
I go in that morning, check the schedule. If I'm not assigned, I go to the guy who is and tell him I need the extra hours.

TOMMY
And he just gives them to you.

MICHAEL
I can be pretty persuasive.

TOMMY
If it goes smoothly they'll know somebody was on the inside. They'll put heat on you.

MICHAEL
I just keep denying it. There's nothing they can do. Only thing is, we need to make sure they don't connect you with me.

A beat.

TOMMY
All right. This is how we'll handle it. I know this guy, The Broker. I don't know his name, and I don't want to know his name, because he is serious. You think I can exert pressure? This guy scares the shit out of me. But this is what he does: He organizes jobs. He has some high level legit day gig with an insurance company or something, so he knows all the ways to beat the cops and the ops. That's why nobody knows him by name or face. I call him up and tell him everything about what we're doing. Then he puts the whole thing together. He hires the men. They don't know his name, either. That way if anything goes wrong, they can't give up anything. They'll be from out of town, you won't know them and they won't know you. They just drop at a predetermined time to a predetermined person at a predetermined place.

MICHAEL
That's good. Who handles the drop? *

TOMMY
We'll use one of my guys. *

MICHAEL
I want somebody I know.

TOMMY
Gee, that's tough, Michael; I want somebody I know.

Michael looks over at Rachel.

MICHAEL
What about her?

RACHEL
"What about her" what?

TOMMY
He wants you to hold the money.

Rachel stares at them.

RACHEL
And if I say no?

Tommy looks at Michael.

MICHAEL
Then it's off.

TOMMY
(to Rachel)
You're holding the money.
(to Michael)
When do we do it?

MICHAEL
The sooner the better.

TOMMY
One more thing. I'm not taking taking a short count. The Broker alone takes twenty percent on any job he crews.

MICHAEL
It's a two-way split. Cut your half any way you like.

TOMMY
I'd rather eat airline food.

MICHAEL
Can you do it without me?

TOMMY
You know I can't.

MICHAEL
Then it's fifty-fifty.

TOMMY
I don't like it.

MICHAEL
When you see all that cash, you'll like it.

INT. ARMORED CAR COMPANY -- DAY 86

INSIDE THE OPERATIONS CENTER

The money is now being transferred to the processing and verification center. Counters use high-speed machines to sort, count, and wrap the cash. Once wrapped, the cash is stacked, loaded into canvas bags, and sealed.

The sealed bags are then loaded into wheeled carts and brought to the transaction counter.

IN THE MANTRAP 87

Ed signs for the carts of money. The door is released and Michael helps him move the obviously sizable load to the truck.

MICHAEL
Jeez, how much is this?

ED
Million and a quarter.

They get it loaded and Michael climbs aboard. He opens the door for Ed, who moves slowly to his seat.

The delivery bay door opens, and the truck begins to move out. Michael nods to the man in the turret as he passes.

The time is 6:09 PM.

INT. HOUSE -- DAY A88 *

The phone rings. Michael answers.

VOICE *
When you pass Brazos going down fifth street--

MICHAEL *
Who is this?

VOICE *
Shut up. When you pass Brazos going down fifth street, you'll see a man standing on the southeast corner wearing a yellow suit and sunglasses. If our end is going according to plan, he'll take off his sunglasses. If your end is going according to plan, you signal him by lifting the fingers of your left hand off the wheel for one second. If you want to abort, lift the fingers of your right hand off the wheel for one second. If you abort, you pay for the prep cost.

MICHAEL *
What if--

The line goes dead. *

INT. THE EMBER -- NIGHT 88

DAVID
(to Tommy)
If you weren't leaving town tomorrow I'd run your ass in. As it is, I pity the San Antonio P.D.

TOMMY
Thanks for the send-off.

David exits, tense. After he leaves, they all look at each other and smile.

MICHAEL
Well, that couldn't have gone down any better.

RACHEL
I really think he bought it.

MICHAEL
(to Tommy)
Boy, you were great. When I called you a dripping sack of shit and you pulled the gun, you really had me going. And the jealous husband routine:
(imitating Tommy's voice)
"Where were you? Where were you?" Great stuff.

Tommy just looks at him.

TOMMY
And?

MICHAEL
What?

TOMMY
Where were you?

RACHEL
Tommy--

MICHAEL
I had things to take care of.

TOMMY
Right. Get the hell out of here.

MICHAEL
You: Are the boss.

Michael leaves.

TOMMY
I'm gonna kill that son of a bitch.

Rachel goes to him, purring.

RACHEL
We need him tomorrow.
(beat)
Now, after tomorrow...

They look at each other and smile.

TOMMY
You're a good wife.

RACHEL
I know.

EXT. ARMORED CAR -- DAY 89

Michael, working hard to maintain his composure, drives to the bank. At one point A CAR PULLS OUT unexpectedly from a parking space and Michael narrowly averts an accident.

As Michael nears Fifth Street, he begins looking off to the right side * of the road. Standing like a statue amongst the passing pedestrians, THE MAN IN THE YELLOW SUIT catches Michael's eye. The Man takes off his sunglasses. Michael lifts the fingers of his left hand off the wheel for a second.

The time is 6:24 PM.

Stopped at an intersection, Michael's gaze comes to rest on a TWO POLICEMAN commiserating on a street corner.

Leaving the intersection, Michael passes a small alley in which THE WHITE VAN is stopped. As soon as the armored car has passed, it noses out of the alley and follows.

EXT. GRAND TEXAS BANK -- DAY 90

Michael, getting pretty tense now, turns the armored car into the rear driveway, which slopes down to the delivery area.

He stops in front of a closed garage door. Using the truck's telephone, he identifies himself with a four-digit vendor code. The time is 6:29 PM.

The heavy garage door lifts, and Michael drives inside.

INT. DELIVERY BAY -- DAY 91

Michael pulls into one of three docks. He is breathing hard as he brings the rear of the truck up to the lip of the loading area.

ED
Made good time.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

Michael shuts off the engine and sits staring at the closed garage door. Ed rises and moves to the passenger door. After a moment of waiting, he looks to Michael.

ED
Mike, open up.

MICHAEL
Oh, right.

Michael pulls the lever to open the passenger door, and Ed steps out. When Ed is around the back and visible through the rear window, Michael opens the rear doors with the second remote lever. He then exits the driver's side door and moves to the rear of the truck, tossing another glance toward the (still) CLOSED GARAGE DOOR.

Ed has begun to move the sacks onto the loading dock, and Michael assists him.

SUSAN
Well, I didn't expect to see you here today.

Michael spins to see Susan at the landing of the stairs. He forces a grin.

MICHAEL
Hi.

SUSAN
Everyone thought you wouldn't make it.

MICHAEL
Oh, well...

A LOUD CLUNKING SOUND

turns everyone's head toward the garage door. Slowly it begins to LIFT, revealing a blinding wall of sunlight. Gradually, THE WHITE VAN becomes visible.

With a slowness that seems ominous, the van manuevers into the delivery area.

SUSAN
(puzzled)
I didn't know they were coming today.

Michael, ignoring her and the van, begins to organize the sacks.

MICHAEL
Ed, if you'll take the first one, I'll take the others.

ED
Fair enough.

Ed struggles to get a good grip on one of the sacks as the white van backs into a loading bay.

MICHAEL
Here, let me help you.

Ed finally gets a good grip and starts off. Michael looks around to find Susan and sees that she is walking toward the white van, which has yet to open any of its doors.

MICHAEL
Susan!

She turns.

BOOOOM!!

The rear doors of the white van FLY OPEN.

TWO TEAR-GAS CANNISTERS

are fired from within the van; they RICHOCHET off the cement walls and fall to the pavement, EXPLODING. Within seconds the entire area is clouded with tear-gas.

Ed stops and turns.

MICHAEL
Get down!! Everybody get down!!

Susan drops to the ground. Ed puts down his sack, but instead of hitting the deck, lifts a handkerchief to his face to fight the tear-gas.

FROM THE REAR OF THE VAN

emerge four men in GASMASKS and black clothing. They look like enormous insects with firearms as they become visible through the smoke.

Susan, lying on the ground and crawling towards a corner, chokes painfully on the tear-gas. Ed, also choking, goes for his gun. Michael, stomach-down on the pavement, sees this.

MICHAEL
Ed, no!!

Before the words are even out of Michael's mouth, one of the armed men SHOOTS Ed several times with an automatic weapon.

He tumbles, dead.

MICHAEL
No!!

Michael rises to one knee and begins FIRING at the men. He HITS two of them with glancing shots, but is soon caught by a bullet in the leg and another in the shoulder. Choking and bleeding profusely, crashes to the ground.

He watches through watery eyes as the men grab the money and then assist their casualties into the truck, fading in and out of the swirling gas like apparitions.

Michael blacks out.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DUSK 92 **

A two-lane road floats toward us, illuminated by headlights.

OMITTED (93) 93 **

INT. STONE CABIN -- NIGHT 94

Michael and Rachel make love. Her face hovers above his...

MRS. CHAMBERS
Michael?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY 95

Michael's mother sits beside the hospital bed, staring directly at us. She looks terribly distraught.

MICHAEL

his eyes nearly swollen shut and drugged out of his mind, tries to focus. His shoulder and leg are sheathed in plaster and suspended in traction.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Are you awake?

Michael snaps his lips, trying to to get some saliva going. When he does speak, his voice is a rasping whisper.

MICHAEL
I don't know. I could be dreaming.

MRS. CHAMBERS
If it helps, I don't think you are.

MICHAEL
Mmmm.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Everyone is very proud of you.

Michael swallows.

MICHAEL
Proud?

MRS. CHAMBERS
For trying to stop the robbery. You're on all the channels, all the newspapers. Reporters are trying to get in to see you.
(pause)
I'm only sorry you couldn't save Ed. I know you tried.

She fights back tears. Michael tries to digest all of this.

MICHAEL
I'm tired.

He starts to drift away...

HINKLE
Michael?

Michael's eyes open slightly again.

Instead of his mother, he now sees CLAY HINKLE and SAM LOWRY at his bedside. They look concerned, but sympathetic.

HINKLE
Michael, if you can understand me, just nod.

MICHAEL
I can understand.

HINKLE
I just want you to know that Perennial Armored Car is very proud of your performance--

LOWRY
Very proud.

HINKLE
--and that even though you've been with the company only a short time, we want to make sure you don't worry about the financial side of your...illness.

MICHAEL
Thank you.

HINKLE
As a matter of fact, when the time comes, we'd very much like to do an in-depth profile of you for *Armored Transport Now!*. I think I told you it's read by everyone in the industry.

LOWRY
(to Hinkle)
Don't forget Mr. Fox.

HINKLE
Oh, yes. Mr. Fox, the founder and Chairman of Perennial Armored Car, and a wonderful, wonderful man, wants very much to meet you and have his photograph taken with you to accompany the article. When the time comes, of course.

Michael nods, drifting. Hinkle and Lowry look at each other.

HINKLE
Well, as I said, when the time comes.

Michael closes his eyes...a few seconds later he opens them.

MICHAEL
What?

Susan is looking at him. She's worried. **

SUSAN
I said is there something I should know? **

He looks at her.

MICHAEL
Are you all right? **

She nods.

SUSAN **
What about you?

MICHAEL **
I can't tell.

SUSAN **
Michael...they've been asking a lot of
questions. The police. And your brother.

He blinks slowly, confused.

MICHAEL **
My brother...

SUSAN **
I think they want something. And I don't think
what they want is good for you.

MICHAEL **
I told you, those things never meet.

SUSAN **
Yes. You told me.

MICHAEL **
I told you...

Michael closes his eyes.

MICHAEL **
I told you...

POLICE DETECTIVE **
No, you haven't, Mr. Chambers.

Michael opens his eyes. A POLICE DETECTIVE and his PARTNER are now standing in front of Michael.

MICHAEL **
I'm sorry?

POLICE DETECTIVE **
I want you to describe what happened from the moment you entered the delivery bay of the Grand Texas bank.

MICHAEL
I...uh. I pulled...I pulled the truck into the dock.

DETECTIVE
Dock number one.

MICHAEL
Yes...number one. I...Ed...I turned off the engine and Ed...

Michael's eyes starts to water.

MICHAEL
...and...he's...they killed him. Didn't they kill him?

DETECTIVE
Yes.

Michael's body begins to convulse with sobs, and his face contorts with pain.

PARTNER
Maybe we should come back.

The detective looks at Michael for a long moment.

DETECTIVE
I guess so.

Michael begins to drift again, tears criss-crossing down his face...

DAVID
You fake bastard.

David now sits at the edge of Michael's bed, his expression hard. Michael struggles to focus.

DAVID
You think you got everybody fooled. You think because the job was sloppy and a few people got shot, nobody thinks you were in. It won't wash. I'm gonna bring you down.
(more)

DAVID (Cont'd)
Not just because you got Ed killed-- although that would be plenty reason enough -- but because I think you're worthless. You've always been worthless. You were non-existent as a brother to me. You didn't left a finger to prop Mom up after Dad died. You've skated by on your looks and charm like a woman, leaving everybody else to clean up after you. Well, I'm gonna clean up, all right. And I'm starting with you.

Michael just looks at him.

MICHAEL
Get out.

DAVID
You're an accessory to murder.

MICHAEL
You don't know what you're talking about.

DAVID
You were the inside man, and we both know it.

MICHAEL
You've got nothing.

DAVID
I've got a bank employee you seduced in order to obtain a vendor ID number.

Michael tries unsuccessfully not to react. David sees this.

DAVID
Uh-huh. How did it happen? Did they come to you? Trap you into it? Was it her? What kind of shit did she tell you?

Michael tenses.

DAVID
She make you promises? Say Tommy was mean to her, you should run away together? Or did she get you in a Compromising Situation, and you only had One Way Out? Was it like that? You really think she's waiting for you? You think you're safe from the bears, all locked up in your little log cabin, bolts on the door.
(more)

DAVID (Cont'd)
But you've just locked yourself inside with another group of grizzlies and here's how: Let's say she is on the level, she's double-crossed Tommy Dundee and she's waiting for you. You think Tommy Dundee is gonna let you get away with that? You better hope she double-crossed you and that she and Tommy are laughing somewhere, because if she's not with him right now, somebody is going to make their way in here to check on you, and they won't be interested in your full recovery.

Michael hadn't thought about this before, but he's sure thinking about it now.

DAVID
I suppose I could protect you, stage someone outside your door, but since you're such a hero, I convinced my boss you didn't need protection. Who'd want hurt the man of the hour, the pillar of courage? Hell, people want to shake your hand. A couple of uniforms to hold back the press and the well-wishers, sure. But somebody outside the door, what's the point?

David smiles.

MICHAEL
It's all your fault.

DAVID
Right.

MICHAEL
If you had left her alone...

DAVID
No, if you had left her alone. What is it with you?

David rises.

DAVID
Thank God you're bed-ridden. I wouldn't be able to stomach the hypocrisy of you showing up to Ed's funeral and standing next to our mother.

He heads for the door.

DAVID
I'll leave this cracked a little so you can see him coming. Maybe you'll have enough time to hide in the closet. Or is that a poison-tipped bedpan? I guess we'll see. Maybe he'll get you in your sleep, and you won't even know. You'll just wake up: dead.

He leaves.

Michael is trying hard to stay awake now, and the pain he's in is actually helping.

He looks toward the partially opened door. 96

He can't see out of it, but a MIRROR in front of a nearby sink provides enough of an angle to see just a glimpse of the hallway.

Michael reaches for the bed control switch, wincing. He manuevers the head of the bed upward, which improves his angle and affords a wider view of the corridor through the mirror. Sweating profusely from the pain of the effort, Michael scans the hallway. There aren't a great deal of people to be seen beyond the occasional passing nurse or orderly.

As Michael is about to relax a little, however, a MAN appears and sits down on a bench. Michael watches as the man checks his watch and leans back, waiting. The man's expression is totally impassive; shouldn't he be more worried if he's visiting someone?

Michael presses the CALL button, all the time watching the Waiting Man. It seems to be forever until the Nurse arrives.

NURSE
Mr. Chambers, how are you?

MICHAEL
Fine.

NURSE
What can I help you with?

MICHAEL
Um...could you adjust my pillows? My neck is really getting stiff.

NURSE
Of course.

She comes around the bed.

NURSE
Well, part of the problem is you've got your bed adjusted so you're tilted too far forward. Let me take you down so--

MICHAEL
No, I really like it this way.

NURSE
But then you won't--

MICHAEL
It's just the pillows, really. The angle is fine. Just the pillows need some adjusting.

NURSE
(skeptical)
All right.

She adjusts the pillows. Michael keeps looking at the Waiting Man.

NURSE
How's that?

MICHAEL
Fine. Thank you.

NURSE
I was about to come see you anyway. It's time for your pill.

MICHAEL
Oh, that's all right. I don't need it right now.

She takes a pill from a bottle on the night table and pours a glass of water.

NURSE
I think you'll find it very difficult to sleep without it.

MICHAEL
It's okay. Maybe in a little while. I actually feel okay.

NURSE
Well, you don't look okay.

MICHAEL
Really. I'll have it later.

NURSE
If you say so.

She puts the pill and water down and turns to leave.

MICHAEL
Could you turn the light on in the bathroom?

NURSE
Of course.

She does and once again heads for the door.

MICHAEL
Oh, and could you adjust the television a little? I was looking at it earlier, and it's aimed to the side too much.

She exhales.

NURSE
Of course.

She gets on a small stool and begins to adjust the set. Michael doesn't look at her; he's still looking at the reflected image of the hallway. The Waiting Man still sits, motionless.

MICHAEL
Fine. Maybe just a little more in the same direction. Yes. Good.

She gets down and heads for the door.

MICHAEL
Uh, you wouldn't by chance be able to stay for a while? Just to talk, I mean? It's the first time since I got here that I really feel like talking.

NURSE
Oh, well, I'd love to Mr. Chambers, but I can't do that. I have to stay at the nurse's station. It's just me and one other person at night. I'm sorry.

Michael nods. She heads for the door.

MICHAEL
Um, you wouldn't happen to know the gentleman waiting out there, would you? I mean, why he's here?

NURSE
Oh, that's Mr. Rodman. His sister was in a car accident last night and hasn't woken up yet.

MICHAEL
Oh. Well, do you think...do you think maybe he'd like to come in and talk?

NURSE
Why, I don't know. I can certainly ask. Although visiting hours are nearly over.

MICHAEL
Could you ask, though? I'd really appreciate it.

NURSE
Of course.

She leaves, nearly closing the door behind her.

MICHAEL
Oh, and leave the--!!

Too late. She hasn't closed the door entirely, but she's closed it enough to block his view of the Waiting Man.

Michael watches the nurse disppear down the hallway, anxiously awaiting the outcome. After a few moments, she appears again, walking towards Michael's room.

Alone.

MICHAEL
Fuck.

But following a few steps behind her is the Waiting Man. Michael sighs with relief. The nurse enters.

NURSE
Mr. Rodman said he'd be glad to talk with you. Mr. Rodman?

He enters. Upon closer inspection, he seems quite pleasant. Medium build, average height. He smiles lightly at Michael.

WAITING MAN
Hello.

MICHAEL
Hello.

NURSE
I'll leave you two.

She exits. Mr. Rodman looks around, awkward.

WAITING MAN
She said...she said you felt like talking.

MICHAEL
Yes, I--please sit down.

He does.

MICHAEL
Yes, I just sort of came alive and felt like talking. My luck it was after all my visitors had gone.

WAITING MAN
You must get a lot of visitors.

MICHAEL
Why do you say that?

WAITING MAN
Well, you're famous, practically.

MICHAEL
Oh. Yeah, well. But tell me about...is it your sister?

WAITING MAN
(somber)
Oh, yes. We were driving home-- or I was driving, she was with me--and I took this corner just a little hard and the road, there was some oil or something and we turned over. We ended right side up, but she wasn't wearing her seat belt. I barely got a scratch. I'm sick about it.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry.

The Waiting Man nods. There is a pause while they stare at each other. The Waiting Man looks over to the night table.

WAITING MAN
Those your pills?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

WAITING MAN
For pain? To help you sleep?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

WAITING MAN
Shouldn't you take them? I mean, aren't you supposed to? I can hand them to you, if you want.

Michael looks at him.

MICHAEL
No, thank you. I'm fine.

WAITING MAN
Okay.

Michael notices a gun bulge in the Waiting Man's coat.

MICHAEL
What've you got there?

WAITING MAN
Where?

MICHAEL
In your coat.

The Waiting Man swallows.

WAITING MAN
Oh, that's just...

He reaches into his coat. Michael tightens.

The Waiting Man pulls out...a cellular phone.

WAITING MAN
It's my phone. I'm in the real estate business. I know it's really obnoxious, but I don't have a choice.

MICHAEL
Where did you say you work?

WAITING MAN
I didn't. William Brown Realty.

MICHAEL
How long you been there?

WAITING MAN
About six years.

MICHAEL
Then you must know Ginny Rucklehaus.

WAITING MAN
Oh, sure.

MICHAEL
She sold me a house once.

WAITING MAN
That a fact. Well, she's great.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

A long pause. Michael looks at him.

MICHAEL
Who are you?

WAITING MAN
(flustered)
Excuse me?

MICHAEL
Who are you? Did Tommy send you?

WAITING MAN
(genuinely confused)
I don't know what you mean. Tommy?

MICHAEL
I don't know any Ginny Rucklehaus, I made that up.

WAITING MAN
Well, I didn't know who you were talking about, I didn't recognize the name, I was just trying to be agreeable--

MICHAEL
Trying to be agreeable?! Tommy Dundee sent you here!! He sent you here to kill me!

Michael reaches for the CALL button.

WAITING MAN
(really freaked)
Listen, mister, I don't know what you're--maybe I should go, I was just trying to be nice, I'm sorry.

He turns to leave, looking really shaky. Michael realizes he's made a mistake.

MICHAEL
No, wait. Please.

The Waiting Man stops and turns. His face is cautious, fearful.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry. I'm...maybe I'm just a little spooked. Half the time I don't know what I'm saying. I didn't mean to lose it like that.

WAITING MAN
I...you just caught me a little off guard, I mean, you ask me to come in and talk, and then--

MICHAEL
I know, I know. I'm sorry. Please, sit down again.

He does, slowly.

MICHAEL
Tell me about your work. You like it?

WAITING MAN
Well, I like the job, but you know, the market's real bad right now. If you're buying, it's great, but for us it's a tough time. They keep saying the market's going to improve, but it seems like they've been saying that forever.

Michael nods, his eyelids getting heavy.

WAITING MAN
I know a lot of people who are either staying in homes they want to leave because they can't sell. Or carrying two mortgages because they had to leave and couldn't sell the house, or selling and taking a huge loss.

Michael's eyes close momentarily.

WAITING MAN
You're getting tired.

MICHAEL
(snaps to)
I'm sorry.

WAITING MAN
(gets up)
I should let you sleep.

MICHAEL
No, really, I--

WAITING MAN
I should go--

MICHAEL
Please--

WAITING MAN
No, I can't--

MICHAEL
If you could just do me a favor, a small favor.

WAITING MAN
Well, I--

MICHAEL
I'd really appreciate it.

WAITING MAN
If it's not--

MICHAEL
If you could just...if you could just stay here while I take a little nap. Just sit here with me until I've gotten just a little sleep.

WAITING MAN
Well, I don't know--

MICHAEL
Please. Please. Just 'til I get a little sleep.

WAITING MAN
Well...okay. For a while.

MICHAEL
And when you want to leave, just tap me. I'm just tired all of a sudden, I just need a little nap.

WAITING MAN
Okay.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

WAITING MAN
I'll just sit over here.

The Waiting Man moves to the seat in the corner.

MICHAEL
That's fine...

Michael begins to drift off. The Waiting Man sits and eventually he begins to drift off too.

At least, that's what it looks like.

MICHAEL *

we hold on him for a long time as he dozes. Then: *

A HAND

covers Michael's mouth. Firmly.

MICHAEL

snaps awake.

THE WAITING MAN

stands above him. Also in the room is an ORDERLY with a WHEELCHAIR.

WAITING MAN
Time to go.

Michael tries to scream and reaches for the call button. The Waiting Man cuts the traction cords with a knife and Michael blacks out from the pain...

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT 97

Michael awakens in a great deal of discomfort and confusion. He is sprawled in the back seat of a car being driven down a deserted road. Only when he looks up at the rear view mirror and sees the face of the Waiting Man does he understand. He lies his head back, exhaling.

MICHAEL
Christ.
(to the Waiting Man)
Where we going? To see Tommy?

Nothing. The Waiting Man just stares alternately at the road and Michael's reflection in the mirror. *

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT 98

The car takes the same path toward Whispering Pines we saw Michael and Rachel take earlier.

EXT. WHISPERING PINES BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 99

The car pulls up to a small cabin set amongst tall pines. Rachel's car is there.

MICHAEL
Rachel. You're taking me to Rachel, thank God. *

The Waiting Man drags Michael toward the bungalow. Michael looks at the surroundings with some amount of nostalgia. *

The Waiting Man pulls Michael up the front steps. *

INT. BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 100

Michael and The Waiting Man enter. Standing next to the fireplace is Rachel.

And Tommy.

Both he and Rachel wear gloves; hers are actually yellow rubber cleaning gloves.

Tommy is holding a pistol with a silencer.

On the table next to them is a bucket filled with various cleaning utensils and a large, folded piece of clear plastic.

Michael and The Waiting Man both swallow.

TOMMY
(to The Waiting Man)
Thank you, Howard.

Tommy SHOOTS him twice. The Waiting Man collapses next to Michael and spasms slowly as he dies, his body bumping against the wheelchair. Michael, panicked, looks up.

MICHAEL
What--

Tommy puts his finger to his lips and shakes his head.

TOMMY
No words.

Tommy puts the gun on the MANTLE. Rachel comes forward and rolls Michael out of the way of The Waiting Man.

He tries to catch her eye, but she won't look at him. Tommy begins wrapping The Waiting Man in plastic; Rachel goes to fill the bucket with hot water.

Tommy begins dragging the body out the door just as Rachel emerges from the bathroom. Michael continues to try and make eye contact with her, unsuccessfully.

EXT. BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 101

Tommy drags the body to the car.

INT. BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 102

Rachel cleans up the blood.

MICHAEL
Rachel. Rachel.

She keeps cleaning.

MICHAEL
Don't do this. Rachel.

She stops. Then she looks up at him. Her face is blank; it is impossible to tell what she is thinking.

EXT. BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 103

Tommy puts the body in the trunk.

INT. BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 104

Tommy enters. Rachel is putting the cleaning materials and dirty rags into the bucket. Michael watches.

TOMMY
Let's go.

He reaches to the mantle.

The gun is GONE.

Tommy looks over to Rachel, who immediately moves behind Michael, who is now HOLDING THE GUN.

TOMMY
Are you fucking kidding me? Are you FUCKING KIDDING ME?

A stand-off. Nobody moves.

TOMMY
(to Rachel)
I'm very disappointed with you, hon.
(to Michael)
And you. You don't have any choice. You have to shoot me. But I don't think you will.

A pause. Tommy looks away for a moment, and then SPRINGS at Michael.

Michael FIRES, and Tommy's shoulder flashes red. He spins, but momentum carries him onto Michael, and the wheelchair tips over, spilling Michael onto the ground with a sickening thud.

Tommy grabs Michael by the neck and begins choking him. Rachel tries to pull him off.

Two more SHOTS ring out. Tommy's eyes go wide and begin to water. He shudders, sputters, and falls limp on top of Michael, who grimaces in pain and disgust.

MICHAEL
(still choked)
Get him off.

She does. Michael tries to catch his breath. Rachel, an odd expression on her face, begins pacing the room.

MICHAEL
I can't get up.

RACHEL
"You've fallen, and you can't get up".

She keeps pacing.

MICHAEL
Rachel, help me up.

RACHEL
I guess I owe you an apology.

MICHAEL
Well, if you could just--

RACHEL
I owe you an apology, because I gave the pair of gloves that I got for you to Tommy.

Michael looks over at the gun he used to kill Tommy. It's smeared with blood--and his fingerprints. Rachel picks the gun up and begins pacing around the room. Michael tries to follow her with his eyes.

RACHEL
I had this really violent dream the other night. ** It was really upsetting. I was back in high school, in math class, and this guy was terrorizing all of us. He had one of those Uzi-type guns, you know. And at a certain point, he set the gun down to demonstrate the exact position he wanted us to adopt before he would execute us, and I went for the gun. And I got there first and I killed him with it.
(more)

They stare at each other. Finally, somehow, the slate has been cleaned; they've learned something about themselves and each other. David looks down at Michael's sprawled, twisted figure.

DAVID
Let me help you.

Michael smiles at him.

MICHAEL
Okay.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT 107

Blacktop, exposed by headlights.

Rachel is at the wheel.

INT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION -- NIGHT 108

Rachel buys some stuff. As an afterthought, she buys a handful of PICK 3 cards.

EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION -- NIGHT 109

Rachel sits in her car with the engine running, scratching her PICK 3 cards. She doesn't win anything.

RACHEL
Shee-it.

She pulls away.

A MAN IN A CAR

watches her from across the parking lot. Having seen what he wants to see, he puts the car into drive and follows her. As he exits frame, we reveal his LICENSE PLATE:

BROKER

He's right on her tail.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END